

can't we face it: even vincent van gogh
was entitled to an occasional bad-hair day.

MISUNDERSTOOD

i read in a novel by martin amis
that "what poetry is always about"
is "the cruelty of the poet's mistress,"

and i realize that i have been largely
innocent of this poetic crime
(as, i hope, of many others).

in point of fact i have written
much more prolifically about
my cruelty to my mistresses.

you would think that i would, by now,
have been apotheosized by
the feminist literary establishment
for this reversal of white male
heterosexual literary practice.

instead, for some reason that i will
never fully understand
they have not yet endorsed my candid admissions.

TOAD EXAMINES HIS CONSCIENCE

has he ever been guilty
of sexual hair-ass-ment?

no, and not of
hair-armpit-ment either?

all of his offenses have been
of the hair-cunt-ment variety.

— Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA